THE ARIZONA SILVER BELT.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF GILA COUNTY.

Saturday, May 3, 1890.

Restaurant Swindlers.

"Speaking of robbing schemes," said a young man whom I occasionally meet at lunch, "I've a system to beat restaurant cashiers. You see, a good many people go away without getting their change. It occurs every day. The cashier lays the coin aside in a corner of the cigar case, and when the man remembers he didn't pick up his change and comes back the cashier hands it out. I saw this happen the other day. A man paid a thirty-five cent check with half a dollar and went out. The cashier didn't notice that he hadn't picked up his change till he got to the door. Then he quietly laid it back in the cigar case. That was just as I went in. Before I got through eating the man came back and said he guessed he'd take his change.

"'What change?'

"'Why, fifteen cents change out of half a dollar after paying a thirty-five cent check.'

"The cashier handed it out. Now, he didn't remember the man enough to identify him positively, so here's my scheme. It is to form a syndicate of young fellows who look somewhat alike. Have 'em dress in the same general style and have 'em work restaurants in about threes. For instance: Three of 'em goes into a restaurant, gets lunch for about twenty-five cents, and, coming out, one of 'em pays his check with a dollar and walks off, leaving the seventy-five cents. Then he puts his pals onto all the corroborative details and one of 'em goes back after about ten minutes and asks for his change. He mentions the circumstance of paying a twenty-five cent check with a dollar, and the cashier thinks he recognizes him and hands it out. He isn't any more than well out of the place than the second man comes in and demands the same change. The cashier kicks, but the man insists and drags forth some corroborative detail and is firm, and the cashier weakens and pays the amount a second time. Then the man who really did leave the change comes along and makes his front, and having all the facts and truth on his side, he is able to convince the cashier that he is really the man and that the other two must have witnessed the incident and taken advantage of it to hoax him. After a wrangle he gets his money—and there's the scheme. You can increase the earnings of the company by making the steal on the change of a $5 bill and only working two collections instead of three. I think of organizing about next week under the name of the profit sharing lunch syndicate. What d'ye think of it?"—Chicago Mail.

What Is Light?

Several theories have been advanced by scientists to account for the fact that we have light. The two principles of the many reasons given by these learned gentlemen are the emission or corpuscular theory, and that known as the undulatory theory. The principles of the emission theory originated in the fertile brain of Renne Descartes, the philosopher, who was born in 1596. But little attention was given the theory, and it and Descartes were both almost forgotten when the same theory was enunciated and worked out by Sir Isaac Newton, about sixty years later.

According to these eminent men, light consists of small particles emitted by luminous bodies, the velocity of its transmission mainly regulating its color.

The undulatory theory, the one now generally accepted by the scientific world, tells us that the space between the celestial bodies is occupied by an imponderable ether. The luminousness of a body is supposed to be due to a rapid, vibratory motion proceeding from the body in question to the eye. The waves of the light proceed in all directions from every luminous point in straight lines, the motion of its particles being supposed to undulate in a transverse direction to the line in which the light travels. The velocity of light is so great that the human mind cannot grasp an idea of the rapidity with which it travels; by the best authorities attainable to the writer, the distance traveled by light in one single second of time is 190,000 miles, a distance so great that no perceptible space of time would be occupied in its passage between any two given points on the earth's surface.—St. Louis Republic.

Who wants the negro? A colored colony from the United States have been preparing to settle in Mexico. They obtained necessary concessions from the Mexican government, but the people of the vicinity made strong objections to having the colony in their neighborhood. Under the circumstances the best thing for the negro to do is to stay right where he is, work hard at anything he can find till something better offers, try with all his might to educate himself and accumulate property, and be an honest, moral man. That is what white people have to do who make any permanent success, and the same road is open to the black man in most parts of this union.

The smoke nuisance in Chicago has gradually made life a burden almost intolerable to be borne. The same is true of Cincinnati. But Chicago now turns with joyful hope of relief to the natural gas wells of Indiana. In half a year, if all goes well, the people in the great town by the lake will be warming their houses with natural gas, brought in pipes from a field 130 miles away. Then Chicago will be a beautiful and splendid city. It will give her a better chance for the World's fair.

Owing to continued emigration and to the persistent efforts of philanthropists, pauperism in Great Britain is diminishing at last. This is hopeful. It shows than an impression can be made on the poverty and crime of a nation. Until recently one person in every thirty-three in Great Britain was a pauper. Now the tide has really turned the other way at last.

Too Too.

"Been writing?"

"Yes."

"Who to?"

"Oh, dear! Why don't you speak grammatically? The idea—'Who to!' You should say 'To whom to.'"—Harper's Bazar.

THE BOY KNIFES A BEAR.

BUT HIS FATHER MODESTLY APPROPRIATES THE CREDIT.

A Tale Which Involves the Loss of a Fine Buck, the Death of a Good Dog and the Anger of Abner Grimes—It's a True Story, and That's Its Chief Trait.

Abner Grimes is the politician of the ridge. He has been constable, postmaster, town clerk and justice of the peace. He has his eye now on the legislature. Statecraft is his hobby, but he mingles it with lumber, agriculture and a general country store. His only recreation is chasing the deer in the wildwood and hunting coons. He has a son Uriah. Uriah is rising 16, and is a stub-and-twist specimen of the true backwoods boy.

"'Riah," said Abner Grimes the other day, "from the way the weather looks I believe there's a deer over back of the mountain. Seems to me as if it was a buck, too."

"Well, pop," said 'Riah, "let's take the dog and go fetch the deer in."

"Why, that's so!" exclaimed Abner, as if the suggestion was a sudden revelation to him. "We can do that, can't we?"

So he took down his gun, called the dog, and he and Uriah started for the mountain, three miles away. 'Riah carried no gun, it being his duty to handle the dog and drive for deer, while his father stood on the ridge at a runway and put lead in the deer when it came bounding by him. But Uriah had a big hunting knife in a sheath at his side.

"Start a buck, 'Riah, or a big doe," said Abner. "Don't waste time on any fawns."

'Riah went off with the dog, and he hadn't gone more than a hundred yards when the dog struck a trail and away he went. 'Riah followed, and in less than ten rods came up with the dog. It might have been a deer track the dog had struck, but if it was it had led plump up against a six foot bear, and the six foot bear had his back against a rock and his eyes on the dog. The latter, emboldened by the presence of his master, pitched into the bear.

The bear welcomed the dog to his embrace, gave him a couple of squeezes, and tossed him off with such vim and precision that his limp and almost dessicated carcass just missed 'Riah's head. The dog was extremely dead.

"S-a-a-a-y!" said 'Riah, speaking to the bear in a tone of remonstrance. "By Jim! That was pop's best dog, and, I tell you, he'll be madder'n thunder!"

Just then Abner's voice, mellowed by distance, but very distinct withal, came down through the woods from the runway up on the ridge. It said:

"Hay, 'Riah! Come up here with that dog, quick!"

"Well," said 'Riah, still speaking to the bear, "if he 'spects me to carry that dog up this ridge he's mistaken! But won't he be madder'n thunder!"

All this time the bear stood with his back to the rock, his eyes snapping, and his jaws dropping foam. 'Riah looked at the unjointed body of the dog, and then surveyed the proportions of its unterrified unjointer. The latter got tired of waiting, and moved forward to clear the woods of 'Riah. 'Riah unsheathed his hunting knife and braced himself.

"Hay, 'Riah!" came the voice of Abner down from the ridge again, and this time there was impatience in it. "Why don't you come up with that infernal dog?"

"I hain't got time to explain that to pop just now," said 'Riah, in a confidential tone to the bear, "and I hain't goin' to scare you by hollerin' back at him."

The bear didn't seem to care whether 'Riah had time for explanation or not, and evidently was a good way from any intention of being scared. He reached out for 'Riah with one fore paw. 'Riah lunged forward and socked the long blade of his knife in bruin's neck. Bruin countered on 'Riah's chest and sent him sprawling on the ground.

The blood spurted from the hole the knife had bored in the bear's neck. As 'Riah fell the voice of the hunter was again heard on the hill.

"Hay, 'Riah!" it said. "Why in thunder don't you come up with that dog?"

'Riah was too busy to answer just then, for he had all he could do to get to his feet before the bear climbed on him. The boy and the bear had a lively tussle, but it was a short one. The first stab the bear received was fatal, and two other thrusts, equally good, let out still more blood, but when the bear fell in its death struggle 'Riah was tired out.

He leaned up against a tree to get his wind. Then he heard his father coming down off of the ridge, crashing through the brush like a wild steer.

"He's—mad!" panted 'Riah.

"Hay, 'Riah!" Abner shouted as he came down the hill. "What in thunder's the matter? Where's that dog? Why don't you come up with him? A buck bigger than a heifer went by me, and here I hain't got any dog? It'll be wuth twenty votes for me if I get that buck! Why don't you come up with that dog?"

When Abner hove in sight he discovered 'Riah leaning against the tree sobbing for wind. He didn't see the bear that lay a few yards the other side.

"What in the name of Nimrod is the matter with you?" he gasped.

'Rah pointed to the bear.

"Holy smoke!" yelled Abner, and he made for the nearest tree.

"He's—he's—dead," panted 'Riah. "So is—the dog. That's the—reason—I didn't—come up—with him."

Then Abner looked the bear over and mourned for the dog.

"We wasn't hunting bear, 'Riah," said he, deprecatingly. "Deer was what we started out to get. Still, we'll take home our game. But you should have come up with that dog, 'Riah, and, great Cæsar! what a buck we'd have got; wuth twenty votes to me."

Abner and 'Riah toted the bear home, and then Abner went out among his friends and said:

"Why don't you come over and see the slammin' big bear me and 'Riah killed?" —Sol's Ridge Cor. New York Evening Sun.

Millais a Gold Digger.

Few people know that Sir John Millais, the great English artist, was for a short time a gold digger in the Australian colonies. Young John Millais, some thirty five years ago, caught the gold fever and, abandoning pro tem. his career as an artist, sailed for Melbourne. The present prime minister was one of his companions de voyage. But John Millais, although he roughed it bravely and turned the soil over with all the frenzied industry of the gold seeker, had in the end to confess to disappointment. He put in three months at the diggings, and then returned a sadder and wiser man to England.—Montreal Star.

FANCIES OF FIDDLERS

SOMETHING ABOUT THE VIOLINS OF FAMOUS MAKERS.

How Amateurs Are Deceived by Dealers. Imitation "Strads" That Ought Not to Fool Anybody—Forging Fine Fiddles. Instruments Used by Some Experts.

If poor old Antonio Stradivarius could come to life again and see the thousands of violins now bearing his label, I feel sure the old gentleman would be sent once more to his grave with shame and mortification. The same could be said of the several Guarneri, chief of whom was Joseph (del Jesu), and likewise of Amati, Bergonzi, Ruggieri, Stainer, Guadagnini, Gagliano, Maggini and many others.

For many years the manufacturers of common fiddles in Germany, which sell in the United States at from $7 to $20, have labeled them "Stradivarius," "Guarnerius," etc. Yet they must know that any one acquainted with the merits and value of the violins of these two great makers would not buy them for such, and if they are made for farmers, sailors and cowboys, or for a class who never heard of either Stradivarius or Guanerius, the manufacturers must know that the labels of these two and other great makers do not help to sell them. Yet they continue to make them and paste in these labels ad libitum.

PITFALLS FOR AMATEUR BUYERS.

This is not so serious a grievance, however, for the price asked generally indicates the character of the violin, but what is really in the way of one desiring to purchase a fine violin made by any of the Brescia, or Cremona, or even French, German or English makers, is the traffic in labels practiced so much today by European dealers, and were it not that we have in New York some fine judges of violins who do not go by labels, many artists and amateurs in this country and city would have fallen victims to the practices of the many dishonest dealers throughout Europe.

There are hundreds of violins in this city alone made probably by makers contemporaneous with the Cremona makers, who imitated their more skillful brethren, which are bought for and labeled as coming from the workshop of the great makers. There are also several so called "Strads" in this city and throughout the world for which large—in fact, enormous—sums have been given, the genuineness of which is doubted by able and competent critics.

There are hundreds of fine violins throughout Europe and America which have a genuine Stradivarius or Guanerius or Amati top or back, and the rest is either imitated or made up of other old violins by Italian makers.

There are thousands of fine old violins, Italian, French, German, Tyrolean, etc., both in Europe and America, which cannot possibly be identified as having been made by any particular maker, no matter how good the expert may be. If you want to hear "differences of opinion" borrow a violin and go to the scores of dealers and makers in this city and it will repay you, for unless it has a very prominent and marked characteristic of some maker you will most probably have no two opinions alike. This is not intended to reflect on their judgment, but simply to show the difficulty of placing or attributing the many old violins of today.

FORGERIES IN FIDDLES.

I have seen and heard many of those nameless violins which were finer in tone, both as to power and quality, than many of the Amati, etc., really authenticated, and for which five times the price had been paid. I have seen old Italian violins, beautifully modeled, well made and of superb tone, labeled "Guarnerius Amati," and even "Stradivarius," and attributed to these makers ten or fifteen years after they were dead, and some as having been made by them several years before they were born. So the question naturally arises, how can one tell or who can tell a real "Strad" or a Guarnerius or an Amati or a Ruggieri or a Bergonzi or a Maggini or a Gagliano or a Sanctus Seraphino or a Montagnana or a Gasporo da Salo?

No one can tell a "Strad" if he has never seen one. Knowledge must be based on having seen not only one, but several, as all "Strads" are not alike. Indeed one must be familiar with all the great and authenticated "Strads" now extant to be an expert, for there are many resembling each other. There are no two alike. The eye must be cultivated to know them, as an expert in painting knows a Corot, or a Daubigny, or a Vibert, and so thoroughly versed in the minute characteristics of the constituent parts of the violin as to detect a fine imitation from a real one, to say nothing of the superb varnish used by the Cremona makers, the manufacture of which is yet a lost art, notwithstanding the many so called discoveries of its secret.

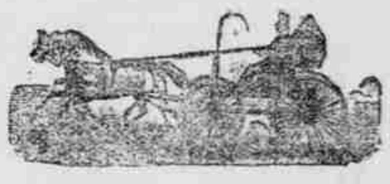
And in the same way only can the violins of the other great makers be known, identified and distinguished from the really fine imitations of today and of the past. Therefore, to be familiar with the works of the great makers in minute detail one must travel, see and study the great violins of the world in the hands of collectors artists and amateurs.

It may interest many "fiddlers" to know that Paganini played on a noble specimen of a Joseph Guarnerius and now owned by the city of Genoa, to whom he willed it. Sivori plays on a copy of this violin by Vuillaume, a noble instrument, for which, it is said, he has refused $2,000. The immortal Joachim plays on a "Strad," or I should say on "Strads," for he owns several of them.

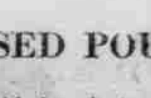
Sarasate also plays on a "Strad." Wilhelmj plays on a Lupot and a "Strad," and I have also heard him play on a Gemunder. Mme. Norman-Neruda uses the famous "Strad" left to her by Ernst. —New York Herald.

The Course of Storms.

According to The Chicago Inter-Ocean, Benjamin Franklin was the first to discover that storms in this country travel from west to east. He was interested in observing an eclipse, and found that while the observations were spoiled in Philadelphia by a rain storm that came on just at the beginning of the eclipse, the sky was clear at Boston until after the eclipse was over. By communicating with intertowns, he learned that the storm traveled eastward at a uniform rate. Simultaneous observations taken in all parts of the country show that nearly all great storms follow the same general direction—from the west to the east. The same is true of cold and hot waves. Therefore, to tell what the weather will be in advance, we have only to find out the conditions prevailing [illegible]. This is practically the course pursued by the signal service.





REWARD!

I WILL PAY A LIBERAL REWARD for the return of the watch worn by Sheriff Glenn Reynolds at the time he was killed by Indian convicts, near Riverside, on the 2nd inst. The watch case is of heavy gold, handsomely chased, and engraved on the front and outside with the letters "G. R." in monogram. On the inside of case, both front and back, the full name, "Glenn Reynolds," was engraved. Attached to the watch was a massive gold chain of block links. Any information that will lead to the recovery of either or both will be paid for by me.

JERRY RYAN,
Sheriff, Gila county,—Globe.

nov 16-tf

GILA ENCAMPMENT, NO. 3.

I. O. O. F. meets on the second and fourth Fridays in each month. Visiting brethren in good standing cordially invited to attend.

B. G. FOX, C. P.

CHAS. BANKER, Scribe